

his soul," those who are not born of his blood, can never become "heirs according to promise." "Salvation is of the Jews." (John 4: 22.) It is not, therefore, of works. The "travail of his soul," was not incidental, but was of necessity. Salvation is by birth, by blood, by inheritance. It belongs to faithful Israel, is of faithful Israel, and can only be obtained by our becoming by rebirth, a part of faithful Israel. Thank God, he has gloriously planned a way in which I, the Gentile, can die and come forth a "new creature,"—an Israelite, indeed, and heir to the blessings promised to Abraham and his seed only.

The word "church" in the Greek is *ek-klesia*, which Greek word is composed of two other Greek words, *ek*, meaning *out of*, and *kaleo*, meaning *I call*. Therefore when Christ said, "My church" he meant those he had "called out of." "My church is those I call out of"—what?—the world, of which Ur of the Chaldees, *out of* which God called Abraham, was a type,—the idol loving, mammon-worshipping Ur.

Jesus sent his disciples out into all the world, preaching the gospel to every creature, calling out, not nations, nor cities, nor congregations, nor necessarily even households, but *individuals*,—here one and there one—finding them thru their Abrahamic faith worthy to become the Lamb's Bride. No one belonged to the church, whatever their confessions or professions may be, save that individual who has forsaken all of earth, to walk by faith, a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth, having no abiding city here, but seeking "a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." Talk about such an individual clinging closely to earth, loving sensual pleasures, feeding their carnal appetites from the flesh-pots of the world! Never! "If they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly." (Heb. 11: 15, 16.) All this talk about the church being corrupt and full of backsliden hypocrites is merest bosh. The church is the cleanest, purest thing in all the world. Read Christ's description of her. "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee. * * How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices! Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb! Honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of lebanon!" The so-called "church" that thing is doomed to apostacy and damnation. (2 Thess. 2: 3. Rev. 3: 15.) Her pulpit is even now being filled with the devils' "ministers of righteousness," (2 Cor. 11: 15) "having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof." (2 Tim. 3: 5) But the church of Jesus,—against her, no arm can prevail. (Matt. 16: 18.) Covered with the dew of heaven each morning, kissed with the beams of sunshine from his face, she

stands pure, true, constant,—the waiting Bride for her royal Husband.

"Crowns and thorns may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus,
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise
And that cannot fail."

One of the greatest fallacies of modern times is that teaching which declares the kingdom of God will come thru the evolution of character. It will be a long, long time before by any process of evolution will the "wolf dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid: and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." It will be a long time until by evolution the adder will become so full of developed character that the suckling child shall play on its hole and put its hand into its den, without being smitten with its venom. (Isaiah 11: 6, 9.) We can't expect much of lions, wolves and adders, so long as human beasts continue to cut each other's throats and suck each other's blood. Seemingly, we are no nearer that glorious thousand years than we were eighteen centuries ago. Instead of the day when men "shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks," (Isaiah 2: 4.) we are living in the day when the forges are hot, beating out the implements of carnage and spoil. We are spending millions more today in this nation, than ever before, for the building of the hell-hounds of the sea, and the hot bellied volcanoes of the land. Many of our most thoughtful citizens stand aghast at the enormity of sums we are spending and are preparing to spend for the implements of the slaughter-house. Their protests are all in vain. Man, the vampire, still thirsts for the crimson fountain in his neighbor's heart. Far, far away is that sweet day when "nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," if it can only come thru human evolution, and we are to judge of its future progress by the progress it has made in the past two thousand years. As for us, we believe it is *very* near, and that the time will come not by evolution but by the revolution of a single day, the events of which are so vividly foretold in Rev. 19: 11, 21. A wondrous panorama of that day was given to the seer of Patmos.

I have been asked sometimes, why so many Christians are growing discouraged. My reply is, simply because they are expecting too much. Failing to realize their expectations, they feel that it is almost useless to battle on. We are, indeed, to "expect great things of God," but we are not to expect that which he positively did not promise. We are not to expect of this age, what he emphatically declares belongs to the coming age. The church in its earthly glory described by Isaiah (Chap. 60.) and the supremacy of Jesus over the nations described by Zechariah (Chap. 14.) is not promised

to this, but to the age following, during the personal reign of Christ on earth. Let not the backward or forward movement of the so-called "church," nor the failure of the diverse agencies of reform in this present time effect us in the least. Let us not lose faith in the power of our God. But let us press on into every nation, evangelists and witnesses for him, gathering from the jungles of India, a few; from the dark heart of Africa, a few; from the secluded recesses of China, a few; from the deserts, from the mountaintops, from the icy-fields of the north and the south, a few; here one, and there one, Gentiles called out "for his name." This is God's plan. This is the only work he ever gave his church. (Acts 1: 8) Let us fall in line, then with God's plan. Failure to do so, brethren is death. Even now the chill of death is on the Brethren church and she will never rally until she takes her medicine. Here it is, God's label upon it. "Foreign Missions." God's plan in our work, "The Evangelization of the world." A brother occupying an important post of duty in our church, wrote me the other day, "I am convinced as never before that as a church we must enter the field or die. We are losing ground each day, and what is more alarming, we are losing spiritual momentum. * * We must arouse the church before our next Conference." True, every word! We must do or die! We must succeed in God's plan or fail in our own! I have always preached it only to be called a "crank." Very, well, brethren, God's "crank" I hope. We have placed a great deal of stress on one verb of the commission, "baptize." Now let us learn the meaning of another "Go." May the Lord open the blind eyes, and unstop the deaf ears! And when we have wrought the work he has given us to do, when the last one of his chosen Bride shall have been gathered out then shall he answer our long unanswered cry, and will come and will not tarry.

In view of the so-called "churches" mixed character, her loose piety, her failing belief in vital truths of the gospel, her lost ground where once she flourished as the green bay tree, her corruptions and her hypocrisies, men are resorting to every kind of an apology for her. Let those who are hampered in their church kingdom theories, and post-millennial nonsense, make their apologies. We have no apologies to make. God has none. He is gathering out, *he is gathering out!* Into every nation, tongue and kindred, his faithful servants are thrusting themselves, searching out, calling out, gathering out the Bride. O glorious work! What crowns of unfading glory, await those who "count all things but loss" that they may lovingly do his will, carry out his plan, and win Christ. "And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.

God's truth is marching on with ever increasing momentum. Error and superstition and ignorance are gradually yielding to the expulsive power of truth.